

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, his man Dromio, Angelo the Goldsmith, and Balthazar the Merchant.

E. Anti. Good signior Angelo you must excuse vs all, My wife is shrewish when I keepe not howres; Say that I lingerd with you at your shop To see the making of her Carkanet, And that to morrow you will bring it home. But here's a villaine that would face me downe He met me on the Mart, and that I beat him, And charg'd him with a thousand markes in gold, And that I did denie my wife and house; Thou drunkard thou, what didst thou meane by this?

E. Dro. Say what you wil sir, but I know what I know, That you beat me at the Mart I haue your hand to show; If y skin were parchment, & y blows you gaue were ink, Your owne hand-writing would tell you what I thinke.

E. Anti. I thinke thou art an asse.

E. Dro. Marry so it doth appeare

By the wrongs I suffer, and the blowes I beare, I should kicke being kickt, and being at that passe; You would keepe from my heeles, and beware of an asse.

E. An. Y are sad signior Balthazar, pray God our cheere May answer my good will, and your good welcom here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap sir, & your welcom deer.

E. An. Oh signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish, A table full of welcom, makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat sir is comon that euery churle affords.

Anti. And welcome more comon, for thats nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheere and great welcome, makes a meretric feast.

Anti. I, to a niggardly Host, and more sparing guest: But though my cates be meane, take them in good part, Better cheere may you haue, but not with better hart. But soft, my doore is lockt; goe bid them let vs in.

E. Dro. Maud, Briget, Marian, Cifley, Gillian, Ginn.

S. Dro. Mome, Malthorse, Capon, Coxcombe, Idiot, Patch,

Either get thee from the doore, or sit downe at the hatch: Dost thou coniuire for wenches, that y callt for such flore, When one is one too many, goe get thee from the doore.

E. Dro. What patch is made our Porter? my Master staves in the street.

S. Dro. Let him walke from whence he came, lest hee catch cold on's feet.

E. Anti. Who talks within there? ho, open the doore.

S. Dro. Right sir, Ile tell you when, and you'll tell me wherefore.

Anti. Wherefore? for my dinner: I haue not din'd to day.

S. Dro. Nor to day here you must not come againe when you may.

Anti. What art thou that keep'st mee out from the howse I owe?

S. Dro. The Porter for this time Sir, and my name is Dromio.

E. Dro. O villaine, thou hast stolne both mine office and my name,

The one nere got me credit, the other mickle blame: If thou hadst bene Dromio to day in my place,

Thou wouldst haue chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an asse.

Enter Luce.

Luce. What a coile is there? Dromio? who are those at the gate?

E. Dro. Let my Master in Luce.

Luce. Faith no, hee comes too late, and so tell your Master.

E. Dro. O Lord I must laugh, haue at you with a Prouerbe,

Shall I set in my staffe.

Luce. Haue at you with another, that's when? can you tell?

S. Dro. If thy name be called Luce, Luce thou hast answered him well.

Anti. Doe you heare you minion, you'll let vs in I hope?

Luce. I thought to haue askt you.

S. Dro. And you said no.

E. Dro. So come helpe, well strooke, there was blow for blow.

Anti. Thou baggage let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?

E. Dro. Master, knocke the doore hard.

Luce. Let him knocke till it ake.

Anti. You'll crie for this minion, if I beat the doore downe.

Luce. What needs all that, and a paire of stocks in the towne?

Enter Adriana.

Adri. Who is that at the doore y keeps all this noise?

S. Dro. By my troth your towne is troubled with unruly boies.

Anti. Are you there Wife? you might haue come before.

Adri. Your wife sir knaue? go get you from the doore.

E. Dro. If you went in paine Master, this knaue would goe sore.

Angelo. Heere is neither cheere sir, nor welcome, we would faine haue either.

Balth. In debating which was best, wee shall part with neither.

E. Dro. They stand at the doore, Master, bid them welcome hither.

Anti. There is something in the winde, that we cannot get in.

E. Dro. You would say so Master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake here is warme within: you stand here in the cold.

It would make a man mad as a Bucke to be so bought and sold.

Anti. Go fetch me something, Ile break ope the gate.

S. Dro. Breake any breaking here, and Ile breake your knaues pate.

E. Dro. A man may breake a word with your sir, and words are but winde:

I and breake it in your face, so he break it not behinde.

S. Dro. It seemes thou want'st breaking, out vpon thee hinde.

E. Dro. Here's too much out vpon thee, I pray thee let me in.

S. Dro. I, when fowles haue no feathers, and fish haue no fin.

Anti. Well, Ile breake in: go borrow me a crow.

E. Dro. A crow without feather, Master meane you so; For

For a fish without a finne, ther's a fowle without a feather, If a crow help vs in fitt, wee'll plucke a crow together.

Anti. Go, get thee gon, fetch me an iron Crow.

Balth. Haue patience sir, oh let it not be so,

Heerein you warre against your reputation, And draw within the compasse of suspect

Th'vnuolared honor of your wife. Once this your long experience of your wisdom,

Her sober vertue, yeares, and modestie, Her sober vertue, yeares, and modestie,

Plead on your part some cause to you vnknowne; And doubt not sir, but she will well excuse

Why at this time the doores are made against you. Be rul'd by me, depart in patience,

And let vs to the Tyger all to dinner, And about euening come your selfe alone,

To know the reason of this strange restraint: If by strong hand you offer to breake in

Now in the stirring passage of the day, A vulgar comment will be made of it;

And that supposed by the common rowe Against your yet vngalled estimation;

That may with foule intrusion enter in, And dwell vpon your grate when you are dead;

For slander liues vpon succession; For euer hows'd, where it gets possession.

Anti. You haue prebail'd, I will depart in quiet, And in despite of mirth meane to be merrie:

I know a wench of excellent discourse, Prettie and wittie, wilde, and yet too gentle;

There will we dine: this woman that I meane My wife (but I protest without desert)

Hath oftentimes vpbraid me withall: To her will we to dinner, get you home

And fetch the chaine, by this I know 'tis made, Bring it I pray you to the Porpentine,

For there's the house: That chaine will I bestow (Be it for nothing but to spight my wife)

Vpon mine hostesse there, good sir make haste: Since mine owne doores refuse to entertaine me,

Ile knocke else-where, to see if they'll disdaine me.

Ang. Ile meet you at that place some houre hence.

Anti. Do so, this iest shall cost me some expence.

Exeunt.

Enter Juliana, with Antipholus of Siracusa.

Julia. And may it be that you haue quite forgot A husbands office? shall Antipholus

Euen in the spring of Loue, thy Loue-springs rot? Shall loue in buildings grow so ruinate?

If you did wed my sister for her wealth, Then for her wealths sake vse her with more kindnesse:

Or if you like else-where doe it by stealth, Muffle your false loue with some shew of blindnesse:

Let not my sister read it in your eye: Be not thy tongue thy owne shames Orator:

Looke sweet, speake faire, become disloyaltie: Apparell vice like vertues harbinger:

Beare a faire pretence, though your heart be tainted, Teach sinne the carriage of a holy Saint,

Be secret false: what need she be acquainted? What simple thiefe brags of his owne attaine?

'Tis double wrong to truant with your bed, And let her read it in thy looks at boord:

Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed, Ill deeds is doubled with an euill word:

Alas poore women, make vs not beleuee (Being compact of credit) that you loue vs,

Though others haue the arme, shew vs the fleecue: We in your motion turne, and you may moue vs.

Then gentle brother get you in againe; Comfort my sister, cheere her, call her wise;

'Tis holy sport to be a little vaine, When the sweet breath of flatterie conquers strife.

S. Anti. Sweete Mistris, what your name is else I know not;

Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine: Lesse in your knowledge, and your grace you show nor,

Then our earths wonder, more then earth diuine. Teach me deere creature how to thinke and speake:

Lay open to my earthie grosse conceit: Smotherd in errors, feeble, shallow, weake,

I he fouled meaning of your words deceit: Against my foules pure truth, why labour you,

To make it wander in an vnknowne field? Are you a god? would you create me new?

Transforme me then, and to your powre Ile yeeld. But if that I am I, then well I know,

Your weeping sister is no wife of mine. Nor to her bed no homage doe I owe:

Farre more, farre more, to you doe I decline: Oh traine me not sweet Mermaide with thy note,

To drowne me in thy sister flood of teares: Sing Siren for thy selfe, and I will dote:

Spread ore the siluer waues thy golden haire; And as a bud Ile take thee, and there lie:

And in that glorious supposition thinke, He gaires by death, that hath such meanes to die:

Let Loue, being light, be drowned if she sinke.

Luce. What are you mad, that you doe reason so?

Anti. Not mad, but mated, how I doe not know.

Luce. It is a fault that springeth from your eie.

Anti. For gazing on your beames faire sun being by.

Luce. Gaze when you should, and that will cleere your sight.

Anti. As good to winke sweet loue, as looke on night.

Luce. Why call you me loue? Call my sister so.

Anti. Thy sisters sister.

Luce. That's my sister.

Anti. No: it is thy selfe, mine owne selves better part: Mine eies cleere eie, my deere hearts deerer heart;

My foode, my fortune, and my sweet hopes aime; My sole earths heauen, and my heauens claime.

Luce. All this my sister is, or else should be.

Anti. Call thy selfe sister sweet, for I am thee;

Thee will I loue, and with thee lead my life; Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife:

Give me thy hand.

Luce. Oh soft sir, hold you still: Ile fetch my sister to get her good will.

Exit. Enter Dromio, Siracusa.

Anti. Why how now Dromio, whete run'st thou so fast?

S. Dro. Doe you know me sir? Am I Dromio? Am I your man? Am I my selfe?

Anti. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thy selfe.

Dro. I am an asse, I am a womans man, and besides my selfe.

Anti. What womans man? and how besides thy selfe?

Dro. Marrie sir, besides my selfe, I am due to a woman: One that claimes me, one that haunts me, one that will haue me.

Anti. What